

# Is Any Man's Love Worth \$2,000,000?

"There Was Miss Lynch Between the Choice of Her Heart and a Possible \$2,000,000. She Could Take One or the Other, but Not Both. She Took the Man, Which Raises the Question: 'Is Any Man Worth \$2,000,000?' 'Yes'— Says Clara Morris— and the Whole World Besides."

The Very Romantic but Also Very Practical Problem Raised by the Elopement of Miss Lynch, Heiress, and Mr. Sullivan, White House Stenographer, Solved (in Theory) By Clara Morris— And Some Interesting Workings Out of Similar Adventures in Practice

RECENTLY that part of the world which is romantic—and most of it is—was thrilled by the story of the elopement of a stenographer in the White House with the heiress to \$2,000,000. What interested it still more is that the bride, Mrs. T. C. Sullivan, formerly Miss Louise Lynch, of Lakewood, N. J., exclaimed, on alighting from the train at Washington: "Maybe I've lost my fortune, but Tom's worth it!" The romantic incident raises the question: "Is any man worth \$2,000,000?" Mrs. T. C. Sullivan would vote "Yes." Mrs. Marie Tudor-Garland-Green, who gave up a legacy of \$10,000,000 for a husband and lost both husband and money, would vote "No." Miss Clara Morris, once the greatest American actress, now one of our foremost writers, answers the question.

By Clara Morris

Is any man worth two million dollars? If, as the calm, cool Emerson says: "A ruddy drop of manly blood The surging sea outweighs," then surely the entire man could outweigh two million dollars, even in the form of silver cart-wheels.

Is a man worth two millions to any woman? Why, certainly. Of course, men may be worth two millions for two months. And then something is apt to happen. The scales may begin to tremble, stop, tremble again, pause, and then, with a head-bumping rush, the man plate goes up, up, and the money plate, with the golden lustered millions comes down, down—my!

Whether the fault lies with the man, the scales or the hand that holds the scales, dependent saith not, but this is not an unusual happening.

Now, speaking of the money value of men at once brings to mind the pretty Lakewood lassie whose "All for love and millions well lost" pose is so charmingly unconvincing.

She is talking right through her best hat, and at the same time, showing us once more the born American's love of bluffing and the young, up-to-date society girl's curious craving for the admiration of profane vulgar and for general public notice in print.

This modern Juliet, brushing aside the large inheritance, cries with dramatic fervor: "Love is supreme." And so it is—as long as there's money enough to keep it so.

But this Juliet is convincing. She is so secure anent both mamma's pardon and the inheritance that she finds it hard to keep her pretty face straight and assume a high, self-sacrificing air. The lovers, in making this madly exciting elopement, were probably following the line of least resistance from mamma.

But, when she declares "Love is supreme," if betting on a certainty were not forbidden, I'd wager a big something against a very small something else that if ever that two-million inheritance is withheld we shall see our Lakewood Juliet, in spite of love's supremacy, marching into court, followed by a full battery of great legal guns, ready to fight for each and every one of those precious two million dollars, because "Love is supreme" but not always enduring.

Perhaps this reckless and desperate elopement is, after all, best explained by sentimental Moore, who says:

"When once the young heart of a maiden is stolen, The maiden herself will steal after it soon."

Wise guys, those poets, aren't they? "But, is any man worth two millions?" That can scarcely be called a fair

Mrs. Marie Tudor-Garland-Green, Who Lost a Fortune of \$10,000,000 for Love—and Then Lost Love.

question, and really it can't be answered categorically without qualification, soft pedal or brake. Of course, a girl in the brief, divine madness of young love, with eyes just opened to the world's wondrous beauty, primal, fresh, or when God pronounced it good, and from the purple and rosy light of day, concludes heaven and earth to be interchangeable terms, she in that condition of mind would cast away a million as readily as an olive pit. But the man who would urge a girl to such action must be a monster of selfishness and vanity, and by his own act is marked down in price to the irreducible fraction of a dollar.

And yet, and yet, I have faith to believe there may be a few—oh, very few—men extant, worth such a price even—two million. Though I'd rather take the job of locating poor Charley Ross, or that fountain of eternal youth, rather than search for those so worthy gentlemen.

There is a woman in Pennsylvania who paid one million for her husband, and five years later—listen—five years later, I've had not repented. I saw him, already a little, fat, tired lines about the eyes that still twinkled laughter before it sounded from his lips.

This man and his Laura had made the tenderest kind of love match. Time came when there were four children. Their home was their own, but was very modest. The one real trouble of her life was the endless straining, till her eyes fairly bulged, to make two inelastic ends meet.

Then lo! An ancient maiden great aunt—a man-bater from her cradle, offered to leave to great niece Laura something over one million dollars, conditional upon her leaving her husband and resuming her maiden name—the children she might keep with her.

The man bravely advised acceptance. "I shall have the memory of our early love, of the fears and hopes and joys that came to us with each new life. Our love has lived, but, dear, I can't free you from anxieties. I can't feed your beauty-starved soul. This will mean comfort, music, art, travel, and, oh, my dear, think what educations for the children."

And after that he argued no more. Laura was to decide, but automobiles were a great novelty then, and he hired one and sent his brood for a drive, spilling it all by leaving himself out. In other ways, he tried to make them understand what that money might mean to them, but without himself.

A part of her name starts your mind back upon the trail of school days and crams and English history. Quite right. The law of association of ideas is again demonstrated. The grande dame of the multiple names is indeed a descendant of kings, those kings who changed their minds and hearts with equal celerity, and who, when they tired of their mates, chopped off their heads and cried with arms extended, "Next!" Yes, Mrs. Tudor-Garland-Green was a lineal descendant of the capricious ones. When she had married that ten-million-dollar matrimonial prize of Boston, Jimmy Garland, the bridegroom himself decided that his wife had inherited the family characteristics.

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PHOTO BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS N.Y.

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